

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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A CURIOUS plan is said to be in agitation touching the establishment of a national opera. This is no other than that a hint should be taken from the *Académie Royale* of Paris, and a theatre be attached, as a dramatic school, to our present academy of music. It is proposed that a small theatre be engaged—say the St. James's, or that in Oxford-street—and that the band, chorus, and principals be made up, as far as possible, of the pupils of the Academy, or at least, with the addition of such other professors *only*, as are willing to submit to that rigid system of discipline, without which, it is justly contended, operatic performance cannot be brought to perfection. A musician of first-rate feeling and acquirement is to be *permanently* appointed conductor, and, as abroad, no composer will be permitted to direct his own work, thus ensuring the acquaintance of the band with *one* system of schooling. Two chorus-masters, at least, are to be appointed—not, as hitherto, selected because possessing some trifling knack of singing at sight, and nothing more, but chosen for their musical perception, or, in other words, for that ready and perfect appreciation of a composer's meaning, and ability to impart it to others, which have never distinguished the holders of such an office in this country. This important post, in fact, is intended to be made, not one of drudgery and insignificance, but, as it ought to be, one of responsibility and honour. The chorus-masters of the *Académie Royale* are, or lately were, Derivis, a principal bass-singer of the theatre (for whom, by the way, we should be puzzled to find an equal here), and Halevy, the celebrated composer, and in a similar way it is proposed to fill the office in the projected establishment. For those who may feel disposed to avail themselves of it, a school of dramatic composition is to form part of the scheme. A dramatic

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ensor is to be appointed to decide on the merits of works offered for performance, and his judicial functions are to extend to the *libretti* as well as the music of all works submitted to him. Reasons for objections made to either the literary or musical portion of operas, are to be publicly given in the form of lectures by the censor, and thus poets and composers will be made acquainted with the obstacles which, in practice, are found to oppose themselves to the success of works, which, abstractedly, may possess great merit.

It is contended by the promulgators of this plan, and, we think, justly, that much excellence is lost in this country for want of a sufficiently practical method of cultivation;—that many singers, whose voices, style, and execution, are of the utmost excellence, fail completely on the stage for want of practical dramatic instruction *as an early habit*;—that while we have in London a host of instrumentalists of the highest merit, we have not one good theatrical orchestra, and for the reason that pupils in this branch of art never receive a course of *practical* instruction in operatic accompaniment;—and that while we have composers whose genius cannot be questioned, there is no practice-ground open to them, where they may acquire an acquaintance with the conditions of success in dramatic composition, and which are unquestionably totally independent of abstract beauty in music.

We give the earliest notice of this scheme in the rough way in which it reached us; but as it will, we believe, be shortly given to the public in detail, we abstain from all remark at present. As a system of *pupilage*, it promises many and great advantages;—how it may operate with regard to composers and performers of already established reputations, remains to be seen.

SINGING IN THE PRUSSIAN SCHOOLS.

Our readers are probably aware that singing, as a branch of popular education, was not first introduced in the public schools of the city of Paris; but had been taught, as one of the regular branches, in the common schools in Switzerland, Prussia, and other parts of Germany, for many years before. The teaching of singing in schools, like most of the modern improvements in education, owes its origin to the celebrated Pestalozzi; and the method by which it is taught, though it has undergone great changes and improvements, is still very generally called by his name.

It is not, perhaps, generally known to our readers, that Professor C. E. Stowe, of Ohio, in 1836 and 1837 visited "England, Scotland, France, Prussia, and the different States of Germany," for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the systems and methods of education pursued in those countries. Whether he was sent out by the legislature of Ohio does not appear; but he was "requested" by a resolution of that body, "to collect facts and information" on the above subjects, and "to make report thereof to the next General Assembly." On his return, he submitted a report, making a pamphlet of about seventy pages; which document the legislature of Massachusetts did themselves the credit to reprint. This is a most interesting document: we do not, however, refer to it here on account of its interest to general education, but only for the purpose of quoting from it the few paragraphs which relate to that branch of education, which it is one of our chief objects to promote.

The universal success and very beneficial results with which the arts of drawing and designing, vocal and instrumental music, moral instruction and the Bible, have been introduced into schools, was another fact peculiarly interesting to me. I asked all the

teachers with whom I conversed, whether they did not sometimes find children who were actually incapable of learning to draw and to sing? I have had but one reply, and that was, that they found the same diversity of natural talent in regard to these as in regard to reading, writing, and the other branches of education; but they had never seen a child that was capable of learning to read and write, who could not be taught to sing well and draw neatly, and that too without taking any time which would at all interfere with, indeed which would not actually promote, his progress in other studies.

At Berlin, I visited an establishment for the reformation of youthful offenders. As I was passing from room to room with Dr. K., I heard some beautiful voices singing in an adjoining apartment, and on entering I found about twenty of the boys sitting at a long table, making clothes for the establishment, and singing at their work. The doctor enjoyed my surprise, and on going out remarked—"I always keep these little rogues singing at their work, for while the children sing, the devil cannot come among them at all; he can only sit out doors there and growl; but if they stop singing, in the devil comes." The Bible and the singing of religious hymns, are among the most efficient instruments which he employs for softening the hardened heart, and bringing the vicious and stubborn will to docility.

The method of teaching music has already been successfully introduced into Cincinnati, and whoever visits the schools of Messrs. Mason or Solomon will have a much better idea of what it is than any description can give; nor will any one who visits these schools entertain a doubt that all children, from six to ten years of age, who are capable of learning to read, are capable of learning to sing, and that this branch of instruction can be introduced into all our common schools with the greatest advantage, not only to the comfort and discipline of the pupils, but also to their progress in their other studies.

The students are taught from the black board. The different sounds are represented by lines of different lengths, by letters, by figures, and by musical notes; and the pupils are thoroughly drilled on each successive principle before proceeding to the next.

The following extracts are worthy of notice: since, though music is only mentioned in them incidentally, yet they strongly illustrate its importance as a branch of education, and demonstrate the beneficial influences which may be brought to bear by means of it on the young mind. In describing the teaching of the elements of reading, he says—

The first step is to exercise the organs of sound, till they have perfect command of their vocal powers, and this, after the previous discipline in conversation and singing, is a task soon accomplished.

Again, describing the moral and religious exercises—

The teacher may then read them the description of the garden of Eden in the second chapter of Genesis; sing a hymn with them, the imagery of which is taken from the fruits and blossoms of a garden; and explain to them how kind and bountiful God is, who gives us such wholesome plants and fruits, and such beautiful flowers, for our nourishment and gratification.

Other instances of the same—

The external heavens also make an interesting lesson.

In this connexion the teacher may read to them the 18th and 19th Psalms, and other passages of Scripture of that kind, sing with them a hymn, celebrating the glory of God in the creation, and enforce the moral bearing of such contemplations by appropriate remarks. A very common lesson is, the family and family duties; love to parents; love to brothers and sisters; concluding with appropriate passages from Scripture, and singing a family hymn.

Again—

The exercises of the day are always commenced and closed with a short prayer; and the bible and hymn-book are the first volumes put into the pupils' hands, and these books they always retain and keep in constant use during the whole progress of their education.

Describing a manual labour school he says—

At the time of harvest, when they first entered the field to gather the potatoes, before commencing the work, they formed into a circle, and much to the surprise of the superintendent, broke out together into the harvest hymn—

"Now let us all thank God."

After singing this, they fell to their work with great cheerfulness and vigour.

When shall we experience these beneficial results in our English schools?

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following rough draft of a letter, found by one of our "devils" at the entrance to Drury-lane Theatre, must have fallen from the reticule of some amiable old dowager. We hope the gentlemen whose names are mentioned therein will not feel offended at the ancient musical dame's remarks, but profit by them as far as profit may be possible. Should the gentlemen, however, feel it incumbent upon them really to be offended, and will send us word to the effect, we will most assuredly punish our prowling little imp for daring to find such an atrociously quizzical document.—Ed. M. W.]

"If you please, Mr. Elyson and Mr. Jewlion, I heerd you and the other power of fiddlers play the *Pastoral Sympathy* last Saturday night, and very well you plaid it indeed! My stars! when the storm came on how you did make it rain with them there peas (or whatever they be) in that there rain-box—and then—oh, dearie me! to put out the gas too—how very natural! I was almost quite consternated! But now dont you think—I say, *dont* you think—that if you was both to put on little black bonnets, and red cloaks and pattens, and was to clatter about among the fiddlers—(you might put down some stones on purpose)—and was to hold up your petticoats with one hand, and hold up umbrellas with the other—it *would* be fine, and much more liker to a storm of rain, than only to have the peas a-rattling by themselves. I think it would—and so does my neighbour Mrs. Lampoone, who has a very sharp ear for these things, and "knows what's who," as the Frenchman said, as well as anybody. She also says that if you was to leave out the music we should hear the *peas* better.—Yours faithfully to command,

SELINA SHARP.

P.S. I like the *Sympathy* better *with* the peas, because when I heerd it without, the beginning of the storm made me feel very chilly and all over as if I was going to have one of my shocking fits of the rheumatiz, which the peas totally prevents."

[Since the above was in type we received a very precise little three-cornered note, all redolent with the fragrant musk—the which we append, apologizing at the same time to our amiable correspondent for our inability to withdraw the matter so surreptitiously obtained by our sharp-witted little D.]

"DEAR MISTER EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD,—I am in sich a constipation. I dropt a little bit of paper on Saturday night at Drury-lane Playhouse, and a little brat of a scamp of a varlet of a boy, who put his fingers up to his nose, and said he was the *Musical World's* devil (oh! fie, Mr. Editor) which if he is, and has given it to you, please beat him and dont publish it—because I have spoken to Mr. Elyson since (he's such a nice little man and so perlite), and he says that Beethoven did not put anything down on the score for pattens and umbrellas, and that Mr. Jewlion and him both think it would not help the effect of the peas at all for them for to go for to clatter about in pattens and umbrellas, and red petticoats, and so he begged leave to be excused (so perlite and gentlemanlike). Now if Beethoven did not put anything down for pattens and umbrellas, I dont think he could have put anything down for the peas, Mr. Editor, do you? and if he didnt, what do they play the peas for at all—that's what Mrs. Lampoone and me wants to know, and what Mr. Elyson didnt tell us.—I am, Mr. Editor, yours very much obleeged,

SELINA SHARP.

P.S. Perhaps if all the fiddles was to sneeze at the end of the storm as if they had caught cold in it the effect might be as good as the peas—at any rate it's worth trying. How very foolish Beethoven must have been not to have thought of all this, but to have trusted so entirely to music for his effects—and how very clever of Mr. Elyson and Mr. Jewlion to have discovered his blunders.

S. S.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—Your correspondent, "A Lover of Music," displays a remarkable ignorance of that for which he nominally expresses his affection. Mr. Bishop is no more to be judged by his overture to *Guy Mannering*, than John Barnett by his overture to *Monsieur Mallet*, or Edward Loder by his "Brave old oak." I willingly resign, with your correspondent, the great mass of names which "Patria" so injudiciously (I must avow) introduced into his last letter, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that Sterndale Bennett, though he has undoubtedly hitherto effected most for the honour of the English school, has never yet

written an opera; and that Macfarren has only given us one, which, to those acquainted with his instrumental music and his remarkable genius for composition in general, falls short of what may yet be expected from him in the dramatic line. On the other hand John Barnett has produced three operas—not to mention his *Pet of the Petticoats*, a charming operetta—at least superior to the great mass of modern continental operas; for surely no one would compare *Farinelli*, his last and best, to a work like the *Templar and Jewess*, of Marschner, which, though a first-rate specimen of German opera as it now exists, is a much inferior work to the (by musicians) allowed *chef-d'œuvre* of Barnett. Edward Loder, again, is, in my opinion—and those who know him and his great and various powers will agree with me—by many degrees superior to any of the modern Germans, with the exception of Spohr, who no longer writes operas, and Mendelssohn, who has never written one since he was a mere boy, and which is naturally a very *sejune* production. I am inclined to think, that the *Red Riding Hood* of Loder, which was to have been performed at Drury-lane last season, and which I have frequently had the pleasure of hearing in MS., is much the best English opera yet written: were it produced, it would do infinite honour to the English school, and, what is more, be of further service by putting the composers of the *Devil's Opera* and *Farinelli* on their mettle, and inciting them to the praiseworthy emulation of equalling or excelling a work superior to any of their published efforts. If I may judge by general opinion, and the knowledge I can gain from his printed works, which, though not numerous, are exceedingly beautiful, Mr. Henry Smart is also very capable of producing an opera, which would by no means disgrace his country or his art—but the direct contrary, viz. reflect honour on both. If, also, the composition of a great work like a symphony be a proof that he who composed it can produce a work of less dimensions—for it cannot be denied that an opera, or even an oratorio, is nothing but a collection of movements, the longest of which falls infinitely short, in importance, of an overture, or the first movement of a symphony—then it must be equally admitted that Mr. Mudie, who has produced some of the finest of modern symphonies, is fully capable of writing an opera, and a first-rate opera. If to these be added Messrs. Potter, Lucas, and W. L. Phillips, all of whom at any rate have written operas, the merits of which may be justly inferred from their published works, (or those which have been publicly performed)* there will be found, I think, a list which would look rather formidable by the side of the modern Germans, with all their boasted pre-eminence. To sum up then—in my opinion (which is at least as good as that of “A Lover of Music,”) the following composers are well able to write operas which would aid the great work of raising the English school into an important feature in the domain of European art: Messrs. Barnett, Bennett, Bishop, Loder, Lucas, Mudie, Phillips (W. L.), Potter, Smart (H.). To these I feel compelled to add Balfe, whose powers are unquestionable, though they have been sadly prostituted. I should not be inclined to annex any other name to the above, though I am acquainted with shoals of operas and operettas, so called, by other English composers, so called. Your friend may say what he pleases to this; I will never believe that his knowledge of music equals the love for it which his assumed name implies. It must by no means be inferred from the above, that I imagine all these gentlemen to be capable of writing as fine a work as would doubtless proceed from the pen of Bennett; but it must be taken as a statistic of what musical talent exists in England, which, when I arrive at the summing-up of these communications, I intend to place in opposition to the individual pretensions of Germany, France and Italy; and over either one of them, I think it will be able to claim precedence, in spite of the fustian of fashion, and the captiousness of caprice. To come home to the subject which we have chiefly in view—I like your idea of a *conversazione* immensely, as illustrating the fable of the bundle of sticks, which shadows forth the great moral truth that union is strength; but how is it to be effected? You have given us no clue to this. Do you propose that it shall take place alternately at each member's abode, or that a place should be taken expressly for the meeting? I, for one, will cheerfully accede to any proposal you may think proper to bring forward to facilitate so desirable an object. Pray reiterate hebdomadally your notions on the subject. I wholly disagree with you about the inefficiency of letter-writing, and the efficiency of one *viva voce* discussion. Consider, that the latter is over in a couple of hours, whereas the former may be continued *ad infinitum*, or at least so long as is necessary to rouse up the latent feeling which must exist in the heart of every lover of his art and of his country. Adieu, till next week.—Yours, sincerely,

INDICATOR.

* Of the published works of these gentlemen I can only meet with a symphony in G minor, and an overture entitled *Antony and Cleopatra*, by Potter; a symphony in B flat, by Lucas; and a few songs by W. L. Phillips; but I have heard many of their compositions publicly performed, and can, therefore, estimate their powers with some accuracy.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your invitation to the dramatic composers to write upon the subject of a National Opera, had induced me, amongst others, to wield my "Perryian" in the good cause, and I hoped (with some experience which I have had) to have been able to contribute my mite towards a "consummation so devoutly to be wished for," until I read a letter in "The Musical World" signed "A Lover of Music," which has induced me, in lieu of a stricture upon a National Opera, to make some remarks upon the extraordinary opinions contained in it.

It is pretty generally accepted that when a letter is admitted into a journal or periodical without any remarks by the editor, the truth of the argument is by him allowed; taking this for granted, with respect to the letter in question, I shall not presume to offer any remarks to "The Musical World" upon the *modus operandi* for establishing a National Opera, but I shall merely reason with your correspondent upon the stupidity of his assertions.

If what "A Lover of Music" advances be true, viz. that Messrs. Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren are the only two composers in London capable of writing operas, it must indeed be very absurd for us to attempt the establishment of a National Theatre with such slender resources, and a mere waste of time to write about it; for if there are but two men who can write operas, it is obvious that such a theatre could not exist one whole season, however indefatigable those composers might be. That your correspondent is either very unjust or very ignorant of his subject I will endeavour to prove. Mr. Macfarren is doubtless a man of talent, and the writer of this admires him (if not so much as "A Lover of Music" and his academy friends), at all events, as much as any impartial lover of music can, but he has not, I will maintain, been tested sufficiently to call forth such unqualified preference; he has produced but one opera, the *Devil's* to wit, which, although showing very great promise, I maintain to be a crude and inexperienced work, written without skill for voices, and lacking dramatic design. I am quite sure Mr. Macfarren himself must feel that such a work does not justify his best friends in placing him before every established operatic composer. Now, as for Mr. Sterndale Bennett, he has never produced any dramatic work whatever, yet your correspondent has the bare-facedness to declare him (with Mr. Macfarren) the only operatic writer in England at this time. Mr. Bennett has produced very excellent concert music, but it does not follow that he has one atom of feeling for the grand, the most poetical and imaginative of all classes of music—the dramatic! It is possible that he may even be able to write a much better opera than either Mozart, Beethoven or Weber, but until such a work has been *monté* "A Lover of Music" can have no heavenly or earthly reason for declaring him the only operatic writer, but on the contrary he is not even justified in calling him one at all!

I suppose a "Lover of Music," according to his peculiar mode of reasoning, considers, at this moment, there are but two legitimate operas in England—the one, the *Devil's Opera* of course, and the other, an opera, to be composed hereafter, by Mr. Sterndale Bennett! his remarks upon Bishop, who has for upwards of thirty years maintained a high musical reputation, are really *trop forts*, and whoever peruses them must be struck with their absurdity.

It appears to me, Sir (to use a vulgar but expressive term) that there is a "got up" amongst a certain narrow-minded *clique*, to elevate the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music at the expense of all other musicians, some of whom have, without any of the same patronage, won fame and reputation fairly by force of talent and industry. I think "The Musical World" ought to put down all such partial opinions as those which have lately appeared in letters published in its pages, as being not only prejudicial to the whole profession, but highly injurious to those whom they praise so pointedly.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A DRAMATIC COMPOSER (as I once fancied myself.)

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—The publication of foreign non-copyright music in London has increased so much within the last ten years, that at this moment (and I can prove my statement) the English composers are actually unable to obtain a single commission. When they offer their works, they are told by the music publishers that they have no longer occasion to pay for copyrights, since they can publish foreign music, both vocal and instrumental, without any expense except that of the mere publication.

If this infringement is suffered to exist, the English composers must either exile themselves from their father-land, and seek encouragement abroad, or become paupers at home. The Government protect the commerce of this country: they levy heavy duties upon all foreign articles of trade and luxury, as well as all foreign manufactures; then why

should not the musician be protected as well as the tradesman? There is one way, and a very simple one, to do away with this monopoly. Let the Government tax the publication of all foreign music in England so heavily, that it will become more advantageous to the music publishers to purchase English copyrights than foreign non-copyrights; by this mode, the English composers will have sufficient employment, the art will advance rapidly, and those who prefer purchasing foreign music can still buy it (as imported) of those musicsellers who profess to sell none but foreign print. Trusting that through the medium of your popular journal this will claim attention from those interested,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

A YOUNG COMPOSER.

London, June 23.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

GERMAN OPERA.—Spohr's celebrated opera, *Jessonda*, was produced at the Prince's Theatre for the first time in this country, on Thursday evening in last week. We subjoin an elaborate account of this opera, extracted from a German periodical, which will be found interesting as one of the first public expressions of opinion on the subject, and as entering into details of the work with a minuteness thoroughly characteristic of the country from which it emanated:—"The story is taken from Lemiere's *Veuve du Malabar*, and possesses a considerable degree of interest and stage effect. The scene is at Goa, on the coast of Malabar, and the outline of the story is as follows:—*Jessonda*, the young widow of a deceased rajah is, after the manner of the country, devoted to the flames. Having been forced to accept the hand of the rajah, and though she had previously pledged her love to a Portuguese officer, whom the chance of war had thrown upon these shores, she advances reluctantly to meet her fate. The Portuguese are at this time besieging the town, and the officer hearing of the intended sacrifice of the object of his former love, scales the wall with a band of faithful followers, rushes into the town, and rescues the intended victim. The overture commences with the subject that is afterwards employed in the scene of the funeral of the rajah, and is full of powerful and increasing effect. The first scene displays the interior of a temple, where Brahmins and Bayaderes are assembled to solemnize the funeral obsequies of the rajah. The powerful [chorus of the former, contrasted with the more softened and lovely strains of the Bayaderes (which are interspersed with dances, by the latter) and terminate in a grand hymn to Brahma, form the introduction: yet amidst all this variety, the beauty and unity of an entire whole are preserved. In this, as in his other works, Spohr, treading closely in the footsteps of Mozart, has proved that dramatic music may be brought into regular forms, without injury either to truth of expression or theatrical effect. How great a master is Mozart in this respect! What a variety of objects does he unite together in his finales, and yet how admirably has he combined them into one grand, harmonious, and effective whole! How bold are the touches, how strong the colouring he has thrown into some of his characters, and yet without destroying the rhythm, symmetry, and keeping of the whole. The many may rest satisfied with mere force of expression; not so critics of more refined taste. It is time that they make this indispensable requisite in a finished product of art, but they also require something more; they demand that a due proportion of all the parts to the whole, a proper subordination of inferior effects to the great predominant tone of the piece, should be maintained throughout. That this can be done, is sufficiently proved in the works of these two masters. But by genius alone can this be effected, by that genius which possesses an entire command of all the materials upon which it has to work, of that genius of which it can be truly said, *Mens agitat molem*. Many composers, however richly gifted by nature in other respects, and however meritorious their compositions, in general want the power to form a consistent and harmonious whole; with them it is *unus et alter assuitur pannus*. But to return to *Jessonda*. This solemnity over, the chief Brahmin commands a young priest to announce to the widow *Jessonda*, the destiny that awaits her. In a recitative and duet which follow, the characters of these two persons

are strongly marked; the first has all the wild fanaticism of an old priest, while the other, who has only been forced into the service of Brahma, is impressed with a sense of the barbarity of this custom. This contrast of feeling is powerfully marked in the duet, which is considered as one of the most striking things in the opera. An Indian warrior appears, and announces that the Portuguese army is in motion, and advancing towards the city. This awakens anew the deep hatred felt towards these strangers, and gives occasion to a short but powerful air and chorus, in which destruction is threatened, and imprecations called down on the invading foe. After this we are introduced into the apartments of *Jessonda*; she is overwhelmed with sorrow, but endeavours to console her desolate sister. We learn that she is faithful to her former love, which is announced in an air of great tenderness and pathos. After a short recitative, the finale commences with a scene in dumb show, in which the Bayaderes, by the breaking of staves, rending asunder a veil, and the extinguishing of torches, to the accompaniment of characteristic music, announce her intended sacrifice. The young priest now appears as the messenger of death; with averted face, and with feelings opposed to the duty he is obliged to perform, he declares her doom in a plaintive and monotonous melody, with a slowly-moving accompaniment for the stringed instruments, broken in upon by occasional beats of the drum. He raises his eye, and meets the look of the sisters; his speech fails him, and he stands motionless. Conformably to his sacred character, he has never yet beheld a woman unveiled. He at once becomes an altered being, and the music expresses this new state of his mind, in a manner which is indescribably striking, and full of enchanting effect. Then begins an impassioned quick movement, in which joy and sadness alternate, he is in love, and yet recollects he is a Brahmin. Being gently reminded by *Jessonda* of his duty, he tries to recover himself, and to finish the sentence which he has to pronounce. The sister approaches him in the attitude of supplication, and overcome anew by her charms, he is borne away by his feelings, feels his whole existence changed, and is determined to throw off the yoke which religion has imposed upon him. Here follows an extremely beautiful, though somewhat long, terzetto, with which the first act concludes. The second act begins with a chorus of Portuguese, which is the same subject that has been interwoven in the overture. Their leader appears, and is saluted with warlike honours. A very spirited and original march follows. When the scene is cleared, *Tristan D'Acunha* remains alone with his friend Lopez, wrapt in melancholy thoughts: he reveals to his friend the story of his early love in these lands, before the fate of war had separated him from its object. This is expressed in an air *alla Espagnuola*; it is very beautiful in itself, though it appears of too soft a character for the hero *D'Acunha*. Lopez observes a train of women advancing from the town; they come from the Brahmins to announce that a female is on her way to a sacred spring, to prepare herself for a pious rite, and to solicit permission for her to pass without interruption. This is obtained; when *D'Acunha* and Lopez have retired, *Jessonda* and the Bayaderes appear. The introduction to the recitative that follows, is full of heavenly calm, and expressive of the composure that reigns in the bosom of *Jessonda*. She begs to be left alone with her sister. When the rest are retired, she asks her sister to gather some of the flowers that cover the meadow in rich profusion, in order to form a wreath of peace to the memory of her former love. During the weaving of this wreath, a duet takes place between the two sisters. Our space will not allow us to enumerate all the beauties that are thickly scattered through this opera, and therefore we are obliged to forego any remarks on this piece, on an air of the young priest, and a duet between the latter and *Jessonda's* sister, who acknowledge their mutual flame, and plan how to save the sister. The young priest determines to have recourse to the Portuguese leader, and he accordingly hastens to him. *Jessonda* and the Bayaderes return from the spring. Finale; a short chorus of the Bayaderes interwoven with a solo air by *Jessonda*. In the third act, *D'Acunha* appears in haste; *Jessonda* observes him, utters a cry, and falls in a swoon. Her lover makes his way through the women that surround her, raises her veil, and discovers his faithful *Jessonda*. The music employed during this scene is simple, but of powerful effect. *D'Acunha* kneels

before his beloved, and supports her in his arms. She opens her eyes, and expresses her rapture at beholding him again. Lost in their ecstasies, the two lovers do not hear the warning voice of the Bayaderes, who announce the approach of the high priest and the other Brahmins; and are aroused from their delirium only by their appearance. Enraged at beholding her who is sacred to the Gods in the arms of a man, and he too an enemy, they wish to tear *Jessonda* away by force. *D'Acunha* draws and defends her. Portuguese and Indians rush in from different sides, and prepare for an attack. A fine contrast takes place between the two different choruses, which produces a very striking effect. The high priest reminds *D'Acunha* of the truce, and of his promise to allow the women to pass without interruption. He recalls this to mind in the deepest anguish. An *allegro agitato* follows, which is finely taken up by the chorus of soldiers, who stand menacing each other. This finale is rich in ideas, originality, and effect, and shows Spohr to be a complete master of his art, and deeply versed in the knowledge of scenic effect. The introduction of the last act presents a picture of *D'Acunha's* distracted state of mind, which is happily expressed by broken and interrupted music, with scattered pieces from the last finale interwoven, which serve to awaken recollections of the parting scene between himself and the object of his love. He is seen wandering in melancholy mood along the sea-coast; in imagination he views his *Jessonda* expiring in the flames. This is expressed in a recitative of such power, that we scarcely know anything that will stand in competition with it. From a soft and plaintive usonous movement, the music gradually advances through harmonies of the most rare and touching kind, till it terminates in a burst of despair, at the moment when in fancy he beholds *Jessonda* throw herself into the flames. At this point he sinks exhausted into the arms of his friend *Lopez*. The young priest appears, and announces that the chief of the Brahmins had himself broken the truce, and had issued an order to set fire, that very night, to all the Portuguese ships. These words recall him to life; and, being released from the obligations of the truce by the treachery of the enemy, he is determined to attack the town, and a call to arms of an inspiring nature, concludes the scene. We are next transported to the square in front of the temple of Brahma, in the centre of which stands the image of the god. It is night, and thunder is heard rolling at a distance. From the interior of the temple the nocturnal hymns of the Brahmins break upon the ear. The thunder-storm approaches. A procession is seen moving from the temple, led by a group of wildly-dancing Bayaderes. They approach the statue of the God, and the chief Brahmin utters an imprecation of terrible effect. The storm increases; and a thunderbolt shatters into pieces the image of Brahma. This is attributed to the effect of *Jessonda's* guilt, and it is resolved that she shall immediately be sacrificed. The composition of this scene is in the highest degree grand, both with respect to the music and the scenic effect. *Jessonda*, ornamented for the sacrifice, appears flying in distraction before the pursuing Bayaderes. A grand scene and air follow, expressive of the reviving hope of life, and of being united to her beloved; this movement is full of truth, and in a tone of pathos which admirably harmonizes with the rest of the scene. At this moment *Jessonda's* sister hurries in, and announces the approach of their deliverers: the Portuguese storm the town; the chief Brahmin demands the death of *Jessonda*; the Indians are seen flying in all directions, pursued by the victors; the Brahmins are forced to retire, *Jessonda* is saved, and a triumphal chorus concludes the piece." The performance of this opera, although by many degrees better than that of *Faust*, does no manner of justice to the beauties with which Spohr has crowded its pages. This remark we apply to the general effect; since there are many individual points of striking excellence. The new *prima donna*, Mme. Stockel Heinefetter, to whom was cast the part of *Jessonda*, seemed to be highly successful;—that is, she provoked a large amount of applause in the course of the opera, and was compelled to re-appear at its conclusion—still we confess to a strong feeling of disappointment. In the matter of acting and deportment, she was scarcely that *Jessonda* whose personal identity may be so strongly anticipated from a perusal of the story, neither is her style of singing (except in one or two instances) adapted to the peculiar traits of Spohr's music. The performance of

Mme. Heinefetter, taken altogether, was on *too large a scale*. Her manner was too lofty and commanding—it wanted feminine gentleness; and her singing was so constantly in excess of force, as to amount to a total misconception as to the character of the music. She has certainly a voice of remarkable brilliancy and power, but this very excellence loses its effects by constant exertion;—the ear becomes fatigued by the unvarying quantity of tone before the opera has run through half its course. This we take to be the principal defect in Mme. Heinefetter's *Jessonda*, since in several instances—the fine recitatives in her first scene, and her meeting with *Tristan D'Acunha*, for example—she displayed an abundance of musical feeling as well as dramatic tact in its utterance: with more attention to variety of colour, her singing would undoubtedly possess merit of a high order. The *Tristan D'Acunha* of Herr Poeck was by far the finest performance of the evening, and altogether one of the most beautiful dramatic displays we have seen. His acting had all the grandeur and energy which ordinarily distinguishes it, and his singing was exquisitely true, thoroughly musician-like, and withal more graceful and varied in feeling than we had previously heard it. It was a worthy performance of the fine part which the poet and composer have unitedly produced, and a higher encomium, we think, it could not deserve. Mme. Schumann was as charming as ever, in *Amazili*, and Herr Schmezer was more entirely successful than usual as *Nadori*. The chorus was fairly effective, but certainly not in the high state of training in which that important arm is usually found at these performances, and the band never played so ill since the commencement of the season;—mistakes of all kinds, bad specimens of accompaniment, and a total lack of *ensemble*, characterized the doings of the orchestra throughout. It should be remembered that the well-going of the band contributes more than one-half towards the success of Spohr's operatic music, and that half was, on this occasion, sacrificed by a style of playing which indicated either that no rehearsal had been thought necessary, or that it had been hurried over with negligence sufficient to neutralize its intended value.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—The first concert of this young society took place on Friday evening in last week. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.

Grand Overture.....	Weber.
Trio—(Miss Rainforth, Mrs. Aveling Smith, and Miss Dolby)—Night's lingering shades (Azor and Zemira).....	Spohr.
Air—(Miss Woodyatt)—Ave Maria: Clarinet obligato, Mr. Willman..	Cherubini.
Duetto—(Miss Rainforth and Mrs. A. Toulmin)—Fiero incontro (Il Tancredi).....	Rossini.
Grand Fantasia—(Mrs. Anderson)—Pianoforte, with Orchestral Accompaniments—The Power of Music.....	Beethoven.
Duetto—(Mrs. W. H. Seguin and Mrs. Burnett)—Prendero quel brunettino (Cosi fan Tutte).....	Mozart.
Recitative and Air—(Miss Masson)—Ye sacred priests (Jephtha).....	Handel.
Madrigal, with double choir—(Miss C. Novello, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Mrs. T. H. Severn, Miss Dolby, Miss Woodyatt, Miss Masson, Miss Steele, and Mrs. A. Toulmin)—Ah! me, where is my true love?.....	F. Anerio, A.D. 1570.
Trio—(Messrs. Lindley and Lucas, and Signor Dragonetti)—Two Violoncellos and Contra-bass.....	Corelli.

PART II.

Grand Overture (Fidelio).....	Beethoven.
Cavatina—(Miss C. Novello)—Casta Diva (Norma).....	Bellini.
Duetto—(Miss Bruce and Miss Dolby)—Deh! con te.....	Bellini.
Fantasia—(Mr. Blagrove)—Violin, on Airs from Les Huguenots.....	Blagrove.
Duetto—(Mrs. T. H. Severn and Miss Woodyatt)—Soll'aria (Figaro).....	Mozart.
Aria—(Miss Birch)—con Variazioni.....	Rode.
Motet—(Miss Birch, Miss Steele, and Mrs. Burnett)—Laudate pueri.....	Mendelssohn.
Hummel's Dramatic Overture—(John of Finland)—with Banquetting Music at a distance, arranged for six performers on three pianofortes—Misses Calkin, Orger, Mounsey, Hullah, E. J. Smart, and Verini.....	J. Moscheles.

The ladies acquitted themselves admirably throughout;—whether vocally or instrumentally they seemed bent on using their best efforts, and the result was all that could be desired. Where ladies only are concerned, it is difficult to select any point for commendation without risking an impeachment for want of gallantry, but not having space to notice all, we must run the hazard, and specifying Mrs. Anderson's pianoforte *fantasia* as a beautiful performance, and Miss Masson's "Ye sacred priests," as one of the finest specimens of singing that has ever

been heard in this country. We regret to say that the room was not more than half-full, but there is a satisfaction in remembering that the attendance at concerts of this description is no index of the prosperity of the institutions with which they are connected.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Eighth concert, Monday, June 22nd.

PART I.

Sinfonia in E flat.....	Mozart.
Aria—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—with violin obligato, Mr. Gras.....	Herold.
Concerto—(Mr. H. Field)—pianoforte, in B minor.....	Hummel.
Aria—(Signor Tamburini)—Non piu andrai (Le Nozze di Figaro).....	Mozart.
Overture—Der Freischutz.....	

PART II.

Sinfonia in D.....	Beethoven.
Duetto—(Mme. Dorus Gras and Signor Tamburini)—Dunque io son (Il Barbiere di Siviglia).....	Rossini.
Fantasia, violin—(M. Ole Bull)—The Norwegian's lament for home.....	Ole Bull.
Aria—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—Mio pianto rasciuga.....	Burgmuller.
Overture—Der Berggeist.....	Spohr.

The last concert of the Philharmonic Society was very nearly the worst of the series;—the selection was not first-rate, and the performance was even more indifferent. No exception, certainly, can be taken to the choice of orchestral pieces, nor to their situation in the programme, except that Spohr's overture "*Der Berggeist*," being much less *worn* than that to *Der Freyschutz*, ought in all fairness to have concluded the first act;—we intend no atom of slight on Weber's beautiful overture, but merely that the less known work of Spohr should have occupied the better position. Mozart and Beethoven were, for once, rightly placed; and this change in the ordinary course of Philharmonic arrangements was, we are inclined to think, the saving point of the concert;—had the directors persevered in their old plan—had they at first, as usual, dazzled their audience with sunlight and fallen off step by step in their illuminations until they reached the glimmer of rushlights—had they, in fact, commenced with the grand symphony of Beethoven, we know not what could have awakened the rest from the gloom of insipidity. Mozart's E flat symphony—though it be sparkling and beautiful, and though its *andante* be one of the most perfect pieces of orchestral loveliness ever imagined, even by its composer—would scarcely have served the purpose;—neither it, nor anything of the kind we know, ought, in fairness, to be heard *after* the enormous masses of sound which Beethoven rears up in his great orchestral works. The symphonies and overtures were played with straight-forward accuracy, but nothing more. One Philharmonic performance is a fair type of all its fellows;—there is a large band—all the notes are usually played well, in time and tune, with great spirit, and with an abundance of noise; but we *never* hear a *piano*—as far as our memory serves us, such a thing never happened since the formation of the society—neither is the directorship of the orchestra swayed by any consideration for the feeling or intention of the music that may chance to undergo performance. The Philharmonic band often plays music *well*, but never to perfection. Mr. Field played the B minor concerto of Hummel deliciously;—we thought a little more *power* wanted in some places, but whether the instrument or the player was responsible for the deficit we cannot say. M. Ole Bull did not play so finely as usual at this concert; he seemed equally careless of himself and his audience, and the band emulated [his indifference. The orchestral accompaniment was so vile that we are obliged to suppose either that the Philharmonic band is the worst accompanist in the world, or that some spite exists against M. Ole Bull, and that the worst possible style of playing was *purposely* adopted as a means of annoyance. The whole was so unaccountably bad that we fear the latter supposition is correct;—M. Ole Bull has perhaps too independent a spirit for the company in which he finds himself, and they accordingly manifest their dislike of him by indulging in a style of playing which would have disgraced any of the sixpenny tavern-concerts of the metropolis. In speaking of the vocalities we go a step lower—from bad to worse. Herold's air, "*Jours de mon enfance*," is pretty, but assuredly not worthy of being heard at concerts of this class. It was very well sung by Mme. Dorus Gras, and very badly accompanied by the band. Mr. Gras, who played the violin obligato, is,

we believe, one of the *repetiteurs* at the Academie Royale;—he is doubtless a good fiddle-player, but his pretensions to stand forth as a soloist in the Philharmonic orchestra, are extremely small. He is *not* English and *therefore* his claims are *not* questioned. Sig. Tamburini sang the "Non piu andrai" beautifully; but who on earth cut the concluding symphony? A more disgraceful business was, we verily believe, never heard at any concert, and, as it deserved, it was energetically hissed from all parts of the room. The duet from the *Barbiere* was the only vocal piece with which some glaring fault could not be found; and even in this, the band seemed determined to support its reputation for coarse accompaniment. Again Mme. Dorus Gras favoured her audience with the contemptible rubbish "composed for her" by M. Burgmuller. Is this done to thrust the composer into a notoriety *here* which he cannot attain in Paris; or for what reason? The "composition" itself is a clumsy mixture of the French and Italian schools (the worst specimens of both being adopted as models) and contains nothing whatever either of invention or interest, even for the fal-lal-la gentry who patronize Donizetti. And to bring the farce to a climax, M. Burgmuller turned Sir George Smart out of his post, to conduct, in person, this stupid piece of what, in these days, passes for "composition," which would have gone quite as well as it deserved without either conduct or band. We have a few remarks already concocted touching the future prospects of the Philharmonic Society, but must defer them until a future opportunity. Mr. Loder led, and Sir George Smart conducted.

Mdlle. BERTHA LEWIS'S CONCERT.—This deserving young pianist received her friends and the public in the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday morning. The bill of fare included no less than twenty-three pieces, the execution of which was good, bad, and indifferent—the only defaulter being Mdlle. Koenig, whose absence was not explained. In the first part, the *beneficiaire* treated us with a concerto by Moscheles, with orchestral accompaniments; a very charming composition in three movements, with a captivating vein of melody running throughout: and enacted her part with great brilliancy and expression. It would indeed have been perfect with a better instrument; though one of Erard's, the tone was dull and smothered; the deficiency being the more felt by reason of the liberal employment of the brass band in the *tutti* parts. Her next performance was in one of Doepler's showy operatic pieces, involving all the *tours de force* so popular at present; it being absolutely necessary for a modern pianist to *thumb* an air and coruscate simultaneously with the digits. In conclusion, she played a duett by Thalberg, with Miss K. Bott, which was a fair display of rivalry and earned a just meed of applause. The other artists were Mme. Dorus, Miss Birch, Miss Von Milligen, Signor Lablache, and Mr. Parry, as vocalists; with Ole Bull on the violin, Hausmann on the violoncello, Mdlle. Bertucat on the harp, Messrs. Carte and Minasi on flutes, and Mr. Sedgwick on the concertina. With the two latter performances we could well have dispensed. It has often been said, that to constitute a great singer a fine voice is a *sine qua non*—Mme. Dorus seems to be an exception to the rule; with an organ of decidedly inferior quality, and deteriorated withal by the wear and tear of the French opera, she is yet a star of the first magnitude in an English concert-room; rightly deeming that purity of style and intensity of feeling will compensate the lack of *timbre*, and vindicate her superiority over all such as are characterized by a *vox et præterea nihil*.

M. DOEHLER'S CONCERT took place on Monday. It would seem that every clever pianist supposes to himself the right of congregating a large assemblage of fashionable ladies, dotted with here and there a gentlemanly *ennuyé* to sit out a catalogue of *un music*, reserving ever to himself the pieces most remote from the established notions of what is beautiful and artistic. M. Doepler, one of the cleverest of the highly distinguished performers now in London, took full advantage of this supposition and exercised the privilege in every particular, save in the number of his animated metronomes, who mark the time by the vibrations of their bonnets; the selection was as uninteresting and the performance as faultless, as at any fashionable concert of the season, but the room was most unfashionably ill-attended. He performed his fantasia from *Guillaume Tell* in a surprising manner, and it is to be supposed that the merit of this performance

was what elicited the enthusiasm of all his brothers-in-notes who applauded him so manifestly, for they must have felt that the composition violated every rule of construction and every maxim of good taste. His next display was in a "Notturno in D flat, *La Trille, etude* (for the left hand only)." This is a very extraordinary title; but extraordinary is a term by no means adequate to describe the composition—at the same time it may be said that it was both ordinary and extra: for it was like everything in pieces, but as a whole perfectly beyond comparison. The sickly sentimentality of the key suggested to us Thalberg's "charming" Andante, and there were merely the passages to keep up the illusion. The effect of the shake throughout a long movement was certainly peculiar, and as certainly disagreeable: but the marvel of mechanical perfection and musical abortion was the left hand solo, which after reaching a degree of ugliness hardly conceivable, was rendered perfectly hideous by the addition of a passage in scales by the right hand athwart and across what may be called the *canto infirmo* of the left, that not only sounded like another instrument, but really like another piece of music going on at the same time. This peculiar novelty finished with a chord of the seventh on the tonic, the effect of which was as unpleasant as it is unusual. M. Doeblér also played a new Capriccio, from *Maometto Secondo*, and a duett with M. Liszt; but as we supposed it impossible to surpass the beautiful playing and the bad music of the two former exhibitions, we left before these pieces came on. It would be injustice not to mention Herr Schmezer's beautiful singing of Schubert's "Erl Koenig," and the equally artist-like performance of Herr Poeck. Mdle. Janssens chose dangerous ground in the song from *Robert le Diable*, which has been so much sung, and so well, by Mme. Dorus Gras: but she maintained a firm footing, and crossed the fearful bridge of a *debut* with great credit. Her voice is rich, her intonation correct, and her feeling as great as the flimsy composition admits of. The rest of the concert was the same as we have heard from the beginning, and shall hear to the close, of the musical season.

NEW ORGAN.—Scarce a month has elapsed since we noticed a first-rate instrument, by Gray for Trinity Church, Tonbridge Wells. Our readers will perceive by our advertising columns that this indefatigable builder is again prepared to afford the admirers of the "king of instruments" a treat of no ordinary kind, upon the opening of a larger instrument, intended for All Saints' Church, Hertford. A statement has gone the round of the papers that there are at this time six hundred church organs building in London; this strikes us as being a little exaggeration. Gray, we understand, has not more than thirty in hand; it is a question if any other builder can approach this number, and as there are but about half-a-dozen builders that we know of, the calculation is at variance with the statement alluded to.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

Friday.—Morning—Signor F. Lablache's Concert, Opera Concert-room. Mrs. Seguin and Mrs. Hullah's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. Evening—Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter-hall, Mendelssohn's St. Paul. Mr. Gear and Miss Verini's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. German Opera.
Saturday.—Evening—Concert of Royal Academy, Hanover-square Rooms. Italian Opera.
Monday.—Morning—Liszt's Recital at Willis's Rooms. Evening—The Misses Badger's Concert at the Horns Assembly-rooms, Kennington. German Opera.
Tuesday.—Evening—Italian Opera.
Wednesday.—Morning—Miss Chambers's Concert, Opera Concert-room. Evening—German Opera.
Friday.—Morning—Mr. J. B. Cramer's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.		Mercadante—Il Bravo on La Veneziana;	
Strauss, H.—Duke of Wellington's Grand		book 2	Boosey.
March	Coventry.	Rimbault—Ten favourite airs from popular	
Truzzi, L.—Airs from Ines di Castro	Chappell.	operas	T. Prouse.
Musard.—Quadrilles	ditto	Bellini.—Norma and Semiramide, new edition, with words	Ever.
ditto, duets	ditto	Spohr.—Jessonda; new edition	Ditto.
Diabelli.—Fourth Duet from Il Giuramento	Ditto.		

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THE ECCENTRIC SNUFF-TAKER.

Should trade be dull and times go rough,

Oh! give me then a pinch of snuff;

Give me my box a pinch to take,

E'en when I'm pleased for pleasure's sake.

When fortune's frowns disturb my mind,

And friends appear to grow unkind;

Relief I seek within my box,

My system is quite orthodox.

When a true friend perchance I meet,

I cheerfully his person greet,

A hearty "how d'ye do!" takes place,

When lo! my snuff-box shows its face.

My pulveriferous box supplies

A recipe for weakly eyes;

That man must be a silly goose

Who thoughtlessly condemns its use.

If my proboscis could but speak,

'T would often say the dose repeat;

Each grateful sneeze and titillation

Excites a frequent iteration,

Then here's my glass, in which I toast

Success to that which I love most,

Reader, I pray, don't think me bluff—

Mark well the hint!—'tis GRIMSTONE'S SNUFF.

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MME. CASTELLI & Mr. SEDLATZEK

beg to announce that their **ANNUAL CONCERT**, under the patronage of Prince Esterhazy, will take place on Monday Morning, June 26, at No. 17, Edward-street, Portman-square, to commence at half-past one precisely. **Vocal Performers**—**Mme. G. Grisi**, **Mme. Persiani**, **Mdlle. E. Tosi**, **Miss Lucombe**, **Mrs. A. Croft**, **Mdlle. E. Grisi**, **Mdlle. Ostergaard**, **Mme. Pilati**, and **Mme. F. Lablache**; **Signori Rubini**, **Mario**, **Curioni**, **Ricciardi**, **Brizzi**, **Tamburini**, **Colletti**, **F. Lablache**, **Sola**, **Lablache**, and **Mr. A. Croft**. **Instrumental Performers**—**Oboe**: **Mr. Barrett**, **Bassoon**: **Mr. Baumann**. **Violoncello**: **Mr. Hausmann**. **Piano**: **Fraulein J. Mayer** and **H. Herz**. **Guitar**: **Mme. de Goni** (from Madrid) and **Signor Luigi Sagrini**. **Flute**: **Mr. Sedlatzek**. **Conductor**: **Signori Negri** and **Orsini** and **M. Dumont**.—**Tickets**, Half-a-guinea each, to be had of **Mme. Castelli**, 17, Broad-street, Golden-square, and of **Mr. Sedlatzek**, 40, Manchester-street, Manchester-square.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,

Exeter Hall.—To-morrow, June 26, will be repeated **Mendelssohn's oratorio, ST. PAUL**. Principal performers—**Miss Birch**, **Miss Hawes**, and **Miss Lucombe**; **Messrs. Hobbs**, **Pearson**, **Novello**, and **Phillips**. The Band and Chorus will consist of five hundred performers.—**Tickets** 3s. each; **Reserved Seats**, 5s., may be had of the principal Music-sellers; of **Mr. Mitchell**, 30, Charing-cross; and of **Mr. Ries**, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter-hall.

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